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Glimmer of Night, So Bright

GentleMountainLion
(http://http://www.geocities.com/Athens/forum/6214)

Sitting by the waters of night,
Clear is the sky, moon the stary source of light,
wantingly I stare, fixated upon its radiance.
its light the only illumination,
Filling my sockets full, brighter, brighter,
getting larger in my counsciousness and spirit,
swallowing all shadows of trees in its directional arrays;
The rays seemingly focused upon my being,
brighter, brighter, it shines on like the day,
It is the drawing of the moon into thy spirits,
none need say more, the spirit filled within thee,
lady, lady of the moon, I called of thee, and ye answered
me!

Benieth the blazen surface of night tis thy face I
see in the hours of night,
Watchful, everysecond's pulse thy spirit pulsating
with mine,
As I look to the sky, it is the presence of you, creator
that I see,
Your mirror fixed in the eyes of the sky, in the breath
of air, in the shimmering surface of water's looking glass,
In the moment of night, I seek thee, I draweth from
thy light, the great shadow of night, fixed in the sky is made bright in
thy presence,
Welcome, Welcome, into this humble servant, that walketh
thy light.

In the moments of Sacredness,
In dire hours of morn, you invade my conciousness,
sleep bringeths my awakening, my acceptance of will,
In dreamful vision you show thy purpose for tis servant,
A quest of heart, of spirit, the invented purpose indeed revealed,
I awake, your presence still pulsating in my heart,
Your words still fresh within mine ears, echos from
within and from thy gracefulness,
Your vision carved within the caverns of my consciousness,
You mold my actions of the day, the character I humbly partake,
In gratitude of the moments, I inscribe in memory thy
revelations, to forever fortell of the blessings of your visitations,

I hastly copy and place within finger's etching your
insights, lest in waking moments thy lessons fall barrren within
escaped memories,
Finished, humbly I review, deeper I meditate upon you,
thankful,

Like a child with questions in morn, I question and seeketh thee more,
My soul eagerly seeks slumber once more, to open my
chambers to thee once more,
My soul thirsts your presence like spacious morn greets
the dew of night,
All day I ponder your revelations, like unsolved riddles
cast in wind,
I ponder, ever asking for your interpretation, I seek, seek,
always wanting more of you,
My mind focuses, never letting go of your daily shedding
of light upon my countenence,
Night arrives, my head rests upon you, fixed upon your
light filtering through my spirit,
I rest, confident in my faith in you, ready to partake
of thy pilgrimage, ready and able,
Once more night overtakes me, in gentle est once more
your presence consumes me, fills me,
I am once more blessed of thy grace in company eagerly
I begin to scribble in my mind all,
All I see my eyes soak up as valuable, the colors,

the patterns of light, all subtle movements,
even of signs of hands, my ears, though be weak, and Deaf,
strain on thy voice, recording of sounds,

My hands, wanting gentle embrace of they compassion
and love, reach for you happily,
My soul fills with your love, wanting more of your lessons, and confidence of journey,
I awake, ready to face the day, a new tool within
the taverns of my spirit, confidence is my shield, faith is my mainstay, I am
moved within to compassion's sigh,

The moon watches overhead, the birds whisper in night,
they presence fills me,
Once more I sit, ponder and write, thankful for another
day's blessing, and night.
Bless be and merry meet, and never a second's pause
in leave, always in each other's arms be,
for my heart searches thee, craves thy wisdom
and blessings, thy power strengthens my soul,
I am renewed....

GentleMountainLion

Some might say these two poems are but the peices of one.. .

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